HOT WEATHER CLOSES ALL BUT EIGHT THEATRES

ADELE ROWLAND PALACE

ALICE BRADY WORLD PICTURES

HAZEL DAWN "THE LONE WOLF" BROADWAY

KATHARINE LA SALLE "THE 13TH CHAIR" 48TH STREET

EMMA HAIG RIVERSIDE

M. COPEAU, REFORMER

By PITTS SANBORN

WE LIVE in a century of radical theatrical reform. The names of Reinhardt, of Appia, of Gordon Craig, are as familiar to our ears to-day as those of David Belasco, Henry W. Savage and Daniel Frohman were in the late nineties. The world war has interrupted the revolution only in part. In fact, it is since the war began that in America theatrical reform has received its most vital impulse through the little theatre movement. And, curiously, it is war that has now induced to visit our shores the latest European prophet of reform. He is Jacques Copeau, a Frenchman, come here to direct the further destinies of the Théâtre Français of New York.

Not so many years ago the advanced theatrical manager of Paris was Antoine. His eminently uncomfortable playhouse in the Boulevard Sebastopol accomplished work that in its day was revolutionary. Then the French government took up Antoine and made him director of that younger Comédie Française, the Odéon. The revolution subsided into officialdom. War closed the Odéon, and to-day Antoine is described as starving in a garret. Although the work still went on at the Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, at the Théâtre Libre and at the Théâtre des Arts, it really remained for Jacques Copeau, at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, to carry higher the torch of dramatic art.

This theatre of the Old Dove Cote, almost under the shadow of St. Sulpice, Jacques Copeau, who had been a man of letters rather than an actor, opened only eight months before war compelled him to close it. In those eight months he got it pretty dizzily well up on the heights of fame, not only in Paris, but through performances by the company in London and in Rome. What he will do for America remains to be disclosed. Meantime, M. Copeau stands as the most advanced figure to-day in the race for theatrical renovation.

The first article of M. Copeau's theatrical creed is perhaps the last one would mention offhand, and yet, as a matter of fact, it is the most obvious. Appia and Craig have all been preoccupied with the scenic element, at times even with the mechanical side of theatrical equipment. M. Copeau, who is certainly a friend of Appia and Craig and a student of their work, nevertheless throws the emphasis elsewhere. For him there is first of all the company.

M. Copeau's ideal of that is singularly simple, but not in the telling. It is as simple as life, but hardly less easy to define and describe. However, since before the play the company with him is the thing, let us see as nearly as we may what he means by a company.

Briefly, M. Copeau's company would be like the associations of players that acted in England in Shakespeare's time, in France in Molière's—for example, the particular companies of those two playwrights. As M. Copeau views such a company, it is a family. There must first of all be a special sympathy among its members and a total absence of what the French in theatrical slang term "cabotinage"—that is, an absence of all jealousies, affectations, the vanities, the cheap devices to attract attention, the laziness, the boastfulness and every other pettiness and foible that popular superstition may have attributed to the theatrical profession individually and en masse.

The scheme sounds like a project for human perfectability. Perhaps the thing can be done. At any rate, here are some of the ways M. Copeau sets about it.

He takes his actors young (he would start with children, but of that anon) and he tries them out for a while in the community life. Those that show symptoms of "cabotinage" go. The rest stay. Then they learn to live into their parts. They approach and study them in such a way as to escape routine, all the stuffy inheritance of precedent. The two curses of the French stage to-day, M. Copeau has said, are that actors either read their parts and largely forget to act them (the Comédie Française) or, lacking that stern tradition of pure speech in their attempt to act and seem natural, fall into a slovenly habit of diction.

M. Copeau tackles his refreshing problem in this wise: When a play, ancient or modern, is to be produced, he assigns a scene to the company, first explaining what is to occur and who the characters are. Then his actors play that scene, forming their own ideas of the characters and supplying their own speeches until a fairly definite way of doing the thing has been worked out, and a way obviously not encumbered by precedent, not buried under the ways of other actors, perhaps generations of them, that have gone before. Only when the scene has been worked out with that freshness of point of view and the spontaneous invention of details that results from it does M. Copeau put the text into the hands of his players. They then modify and define their performance to conform with the text, but always, M. Copeau declares, retaining the freshness and spontaneity of their method of approach.

He is also a foe to the domination of the stage manager. He refrains scrupulously from giving the actors the gesture and the accent. They must get that for themselves, and thus they attain an individual vitality and unconventionality that would otherwise be impossible, as well as a variety of detail springing from the intelligent application to the problem of several minds instead of one.

Needless to say, there are no stars in his system, the ensemble being all important; but by insisting on the greatest amount of individual initiative and responsibility on the part of the actors he avoids the mechanical. Prussian military discipline usual to the personally directed ensemble.

With such a company perfected, M. Copeau declares himself largely indifferent to the scenery. "Give me a couple of boards and some actors and I will galvanize anything into life," he maintains. He feels that we are now threatened with a scenic luxury in the train of the Russian ballet that may prove as pernicious as the over-elaboration of the incorrectly termed "realistic" scenery of an older fashion, which, of course, has never deceived the most naïve observer into the supposition that it was real. Molière and Shakespeare he has played and would play without other scenery than curtains and some obvious furniture. Thus produced, he presented "Twelfth Night" in Paris, and it was a furor.

Leon Daudet wrote of that production:

"I have seen nearly all Shakespeare's plays given in England by the most famous artists. . . . I have never seen anything which came up to those presentations of 'Twelfth Night' at the Vieux-Colombier. . . . At a time when all Paris theatres go down . . . there is something there which will rise."

Speaking more generally, M. Daudet rejoiced in the sight of a stage at the Vieux-Colombier with no unnecessary luxury, no vain trinkets; where actors talked so as to be heard.

Jacques Copeau, earnest, simple, magnetic, still under forty, will have a somewhat different problem in the Théâtre Français, of New York, where inevitably he will be forced to work with actors who have known the contaminating effect of other theatrical modes. However, he can be trusted to make many of the old stagers fall into line, and, with them regenerated, he is bound to achieve important things, not only for the French drama, but for American dramatic art in New York.

MISS ALICE BRADY WANTS TO SING

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

WHY is it that every person seems to believe that if one works in front of the camera one must love one's work? It seems to be an accepted fact that to express an opinion different from this is treason; so with a beautiful and unwonted unanimity of thought all the film people to whom we have talked have told us that they love the pictures, but, of course, it is hard to get in the spirit of the thing at 9 o'clock in the morning, that they miss the incentive of applause, but that the reward comes when you have finished your picture and see it produced on the screen.

Just why there should be this allegiance to the art of the motion picture is not apparent to the lay mind. All writers do not love to write, in fact many of them cordially detest it; all painters do not love to paint, but it would seem that all screen artists love the screen, from the original vampire, who put the sin in cinema, down.

Finally, we became suspicious, so we had a little lantern made after the pattern of the one carried by Diogenes and we set out in search of a screen artist who did not enjoy working in the pictures. We have found her. She is Alice Brady—dear, delightful, breezy, blooming Alice Brady, and this is what she said: "Do I like the pictures? No. Do you? I want to sing." And then she did, and we don't blame her for wanting to be heard as well as seen. "I've discovered a happy combination, however. I'm doing a picture now in which I have to sing as well as act. It is a brand new invention, not at all like the oldtime talking pictures where the dialogue used to get away ahead of the action or vice versa. This is arranged some way so that the thing cannot precede itself, so to speak. I'm doing 'Butterfly,' but I don't know when it is to be produced or where or how. I had no demonstration of its powers. I had only a description from the man who invented it.

"Do you know what a hard working person I am? I'm supposed to be 'up' in the leading role in every one of pap's shows, so that if the leading woman should sprain her ankle or be attacked with appendicitis overnight I could make a flying leap and land in the vacancy. And there is nothing so thankless as following another person in a part. If you play it as she played it you are accused of imitating her. If you diverge and give your own interpretation, every one says that you have the wrong conception of the character. Then, too, no two persons dare essay the same mannerisms. I have in mind a horrible example of a large, plump girl who is following a tiny, slim girl in a prominent part, and who has taken it upon herself to faithfully copy every gesture. The little girl used to wrap her arms about herself and writhe as she exclaimed: 'Take it away—take it away!' It was very effective, but you should see the fat girl do it. Voila! I once played a part sitting on a footstool, and at a certain line I noticed a pin on the floor. I stooped and picked it up, and so when my understudy went on to play the part she stooped and picked up an imaginary pin at the same line. That will show you how closely some understudies will copy their predecessors."

We asked Miss Brady what she considered most necessary to success on the screen or on the stage, and without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Pretty feet and ankles."

At present Miss Brady is acting in front of the camera, taking three singing lessons a week, learning several new operas and studying a new dramatic role, and yet she is full of enthusiasm and never is sad or weary. She is indefatigable, apparently, although she believes that getting up in the morning is an invention of the devil. However, she has to be in the studio over in Fort Lee all ready for work at 9:30, just as though she were not William Brady's daughter.

So, after all, being a screen star and a musical comedy star and a dramatic star has its disadvantages, even if one does have $1,000 a week to spend all by one's self.

PALISADES PARK

Besides the regular attractions, water polo reigns as chief of the outdoor sports, with a regular weekly schedule.

ONE ACTOR TO ANOTHER

The following speech is delivered by Mr. Raymond Hitchcock during the course of the second act of "Hitchy-Koo," the revue under his management which is now playing at the Cohan & Harris Theatre. Although it is hardly a humorous monologue, the audience apparently enjoys it more than any other portion of the evening's entertainment.

By RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

I AM a Yankee, born in the Pie-Belt. My ancestors on my mother's side came over in the Mayflower (one of the eighteen million families that came over in that ship), by the name of Austin. They were pilgrims, my ancestors, they were pilgrims—the finest kind of pills you ever met in all your life. They were persecuted on the other side for some religious beliefs they entertained, and they braved the dangers of the sea and the uncertainty of a new, wild country to establish freedom and liberty of thought and action in religious matters. Six months after they were here they were themselves burning people at the stake, hanging them, nailing them to posts, because they did not believe just as my ancestors thought they ought to believe—thereby establishing liberty and freedom of thought and action in religious matters.

Between ourselves, they are doing the same thing to-day. When I was up in Boston, the Rev. William A. Sunday had his show at one end of the town and I had my show at the other end. Bill had gone to Boston to clean up Boston, and I went to Boston to clean up—and we both did remarkably well. Bill and I were made honorary members of the same club, and I thought how farreaching was the membership of that club, and what a stretch it covered, Bill representing heaven and I taking the other end of it. Then I thought how closely allied both Bill and I were—both members of the same club, both actors, both showmen, Bill the greatest showman of modern times, the P. T. Barnum of the Hymn Book, an actor (Oh, boy, he has to be an actor to get away with that stuff he gets away with!) . . .

Let us stop and think. We rarely ever use our brains, but just let us use them for once. Let us suppose it is Sunday morning and you are in your church, and that the minister, whose refinement and culture have recommended him to the position that he holds, not only in your church, but in your everyday lives, gets up of that Sunday morning, puts his one foot on a chair and the other on top of the pulpit and shouts: "Oh, you bums, you muts, you loafers! You are so low down you will have to take an airship to get to hell."

And then, in repeating the Scriptures, to make it plain for the children, he says: "When that young guy David soaked that big stiff in the coco with a rock"—what would you do with such a minister? You know what you would do with him—you would discharge him then and there. You would tell your children "The man is mad—the man is mad." But Bill collects on it. Why? Because he is an actor, and Bill knows as I know that the public was made to bunco. Were it not true, ladies and gentlemen, Bill and I would both be driving a hack.

I used to write notes to Bill saying, "How do you do, Bill? Best wishes for you and Ma! How are collections?"—you know, just purely professional talk between one actor and another. And then Bill had his converts raise their hands and take a solemn oath never to go into a theatre, claiming that no decent men and women were on the stage—that is me and mine; and that no decent men and women attended theatres—that is you and yours. You are in this along with me. And then, ladies and gentlemen, a coolness sprang up between the Rev. William and myself, for I think my calling as honorable as Bill's, and I will not allow Bill, or any of his kind, to stand on my neck to elevate himself in the estimation of the cheap and unthinking without some slight squawk on my part.

But, mind you, I am not knocking Bill. I am for him. He has raised himself from obscurity into prominence, and he is entitled to all the respect that such an undertaking merits. He is very sensitive about the money he collects. In every town his opening sermon is about money. In this city, New York, he called the people "Godforsaken degenerates" that even hinted that he was in the business for money, and to prove that he was not in it for money, he promised to give it all away, and you have to give him credit for it, because he gave over $100,000 away to the Red Cross, Y. M. C. A. and other deserving organized charities.

For myself, personally, I think Bill discarded from weakness. If it is right for him to take money in Philadelphia and other cities, it is right for him to take it in New York and he is entitled to every cent that he gets—that is my honest opinion. Any man that can get the money the way he gets it is entitled to it.

Bill Sunday does a lot of good, at that, not only for his own family, but for a lot of people who never get out. They can go hear Bill, these goody-goodies, and for them it is a chance to go slumming without actually being wicked!

Bill's absolute familiarity with the Deity and the opposition is remarkable. Imagine for yourself the Rev. Sunday lying prone on the floor and shouting, "Devil, come up! Devil in hell, come up! Come up, you mut, and fight! Fight me; fight me!" If the devil should ever come up on a Saturday, then there would be a Sunday funeral on Monday. The first time Bill ever hollered down that way, daring the devil to come up, I bet you he was a little bit scared for fear that he might come up! But now, he has been hollering down there that way for so many years and nothing has happened that Billy actually believes, I think, that there is nothing there at all, and he is perfectly safe in his dare.

The first Sunday I arrived in Boston Bill had preached a sermon for "men only," and, according to the newspapers, nine regular healthy men nad fainted dead away! Some sermon! And according to the same article and with the same sermon, Bill had saved some eighty-odd thousand souls and collected some three thundred-odd thousand dollars, which is a little less than $4 a soul. From the highest authority I have it that the Salvation Army can save a soul for $1.20, and I thought (since the high cost of living is such a factor in our lives these days) I would tip you off that you could economize a little on soul saving.

All during this time I talked I have walked from the centre of the stage to the side so that I can run off quickly, and having arrived here, I would like to wish you all something—and it is this: Any one can die—"Bing, Bing!" and it is all over with. But the great thing is to live, just to live, and to know that you are alive and that you can help some one else to live, and if you cannot do that, why then mind your own darn business. You can be drunk with scandal, drunk with hate, drunk with malice, which are all equally as bad for your business and your health as being drunk with alcohol. Health is a great thing. A healthy body will make a healthy mind, and the possessor of a healthy mind is always a wholesome, charming person to meet. With a healthy body you can dig in a ditch, and you can tell the whole world to go sit on a tack, and I wish you and yours that great thing, Health.

LUNA PARK

The Chinese Mystery Theatre and the Free Circus are among the attractions. The other illusions, spectacles, panoramic depictions and musical devices peculiar to Luna remain.

THE HOPES OF HOBART HENLEY

IT MIGHT be supposed that any one who looks as Hobart Henley looks would have chosen the line of least resistance and become a screen hero. But Mr. Henley has a mission in life.

Mr. Henley believes that acting is all wrong; instead of teaching an actor how to act, a director should teach him not to act. He absolves the poor actor who indulges in gesticulatory grandiloquence and the ingénue who punctuates every scene with a giggle and puts the blame on the director, which is rather unkind of Mr. Henley. We believe that directors should hang together, in a manner of speaking, and after this, when we want to kill the cute little ingénue who plays the cousin from the country in a torn frock reaching to her knees we shall know where to look. Cherchez le directeur.

Mr. Henley needs no watching, however, for in discussing everything with him, from tango slippers to proper lighting, we found that the very things which we consider day-spoilers are the things which he intends to stamp out.

He has written, produced, directed and acted in a new picture called "Parentage," so he surely is qualified to speak on the subject.

"I pick my types wherever I find what I want. I doubt, when you see my picture, if you will know a single actor or actress in it. One of the men who plays a big part was an extra man in another company. I saw in him exactly the type I wanted for my story, and so I gave him a chance, and when you see him do his bit if you don't tell me that it is the best thing you ever saw I shall be much surprised. Most of the

HOBART HENLEY

principals and all of the children are recruited from the ranks of the amateurs, for it is so much easier to work with a person who has brains and no knowledge than to try to mould one who has knowledge but no brains. Children are the quickest to appreciate what is wanted and to respond with the best there is in them. I do not believe in merely telling children to do this or that; explain to them just what is wanted; they always understand. A director who keeps the script to himself and issues his orders from his throne is never going to get anything but dissatisfaction from his actors. Get together with them; read the play and ask their advice about the different scenes. If they insist on playing a scene too broadly just suggest to them that they shade it a trifle. That is the way to get the best results.

"There are at least two things for which there is a crying need in screen drama. One is a working title writer and the other is a clothes censor. Half the work might be taken from the shoulders of the director if he had an expert title writer to work with him and supply the titles as the picture is being made. How often in planning the different scenes do I think, Right here there should be a title which would make this scene unnecessary. It should be told in words, not action. But I never can be sure that the titles which are afterward fitted to the completed picture will tell the story, so it is necessary to go ahead and take the scenes. When I have arranged everything as I wish it to be I shall have a title writer to work with me and supply in words all that I do not tell with the scenes. Then I shall have some one to select the clothes which are to be worn by each character, so that there will be no anachronisms in the historical stuff and no sartorial breaches in the modern stuff, and each person will have to undergo a scrutiny before playing his part in front of the camera. I frankly confess that I am totally at a loss when it comes to this part of it.

"I am working at another story now which I think I shall call 'Comrades.' Yes, I'll admit it has a lesson in it, but I shall try to conceal it so that the people won't know it is there until after they have accepted it. People come to be entertained, not educated."

H. U.

SHADOWS ON THE SCREENS

"THE WARRIOR," a successor to d'Annunzio's "Cabiria," will open at the Criterion Theatre on Monday, July 16, for an engagement of four weeks.

The story of "The Warrior" was built around actual conditions on the Italian front in the Alps. Maciste, who appeared in "Cabiria," is seen in the new picture, but he was actually performing military duty when the production was staged.

"The Warrior" is in seven episodes. Harry Raver, who introduced "Cabiria" to America, will sponsor the new production.

The feature at the Rialto this week will be "Parentage," Hobart Henley's amusing study of the American home.

The orchestra will play the final movement of "Scheherazade" by Rimsky-Korsakoff, as an overture. The trio from "I Lombardi" will be sung and there will be a vocal solo.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, exponents of the comedy to be found in everyday life, will appear in their latest drollery, "Lest We Forget."

The Strand Theatre will present Pauline Frederick in a new photodrama entitled "The Love That Lives," written by Scudder Middleton. In this picture Miss Frederick plays a scrubwoman. In the supporting cast are John Sainpolis, Pat O'Mally, Joseph Carroll and Violet Palmer. The O. Henry story will be "The Love Philtre of Ikey Schoenstein." Prominent in the cast are Mildred Manning and William Shea. Mischa Violin will make his New York debut and will play Saint-Saëns's "Rondo Capriccioso" and "Indian Song."

Herbert Brenon's "The Lone Wolf" will enter upon its second week at the Broadway Theatre to-night. Hazel Dawn and Bert Lytell play the principal roles.

At the Academy Douglas Fairbanks in "Wild and Woolly" will be seen.

The two hundredth performance of Benjamin Chapin's "Lincoln Cycle" of motion pictures will be reached the coming week at the Globe Theatre. Performances will be held at 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 and 9:30.

D. W. Griffith's spectacle, "The Birth of a Nation," continues at the Brighton Beach Music Hall.

The featured attractions at Loew's New York Theatre and Roof the coming week will include Louise Glaum in "A Strange Transgressor" on Monday; Kitty Gordon in "The Beloved Adventuress" on Tuesday; Myrtle Gonzales and George Hernandez in "The Greater Love" on Wednesday; William Desmond in "Time, Lock and Diamonds" and "The Voice on the Wire" on Thursday; Peggy Hyland and Sir John Hare in "The Caste" and Susan Grandaise in "When Love Dawns" on Friday; and June Caprice in "Patsy" on Saturday.

Buster Collier, son of the eminent tragedian William Collier, has been engaged by the Famous Players to appear with Jack Pickford in the adaptation of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer."

Following the run of "The Lone Wolf" at the Broadway Theatre the Universal Film Company will present Dorothy Phillips, Lou Chaney and William Stowell in "Pay Me," another one of R. H. Cochrane's happy thoughts.

The debut of the Moscow National Dramatic Theatre Company in the recent pictorial presentation of Theodore Pushkin's "The Queen of Spades" officially introduced to America the Russian Art Films. "The Queen of Spades" will be followed by other productions from the works of Tolstoi, Sienkiewicz, Ostrovsky, Andrieff, Turgenieff and Pushkin.

Benjamin Chapin, who ought to know, says that Abraham Lincoln never wore a beard until after his nomination. Then he did so at the request of a little girl who wrote to him and said "I think you would look more dignified with whiskers." Mr. Chapin says that he did not grow his beard because of any feminine suggestion, but for the practical reason that it saved him two precious hours a day with his make-up.

S. A. Lynch, president of the Triangle Corporation, and Carl Anderson, president of Paralta Plays, which represents Bessie Barriscale and J. Warren Kerrigan, signed a contract yesterday by which Triangle becomes the distributer of Paralta productions. The first plays to be produced will be Miss Barriscale in Grace Miller White's "Rose o' Paradise" and Mr. Kerrigan in a screen version of Peter Kyne's "A Man's Man."

Douglas Fairbanks spent two days autographing ten thousand photographs of himself in response to a request from the American Red Cross, which plans to sell these pictures to help support the cause.

Ethel Barrymore's next picture will be "The Whirlwind," written and directed by Lionel Barrymore.

Robert E. Mantell, jr., son of the tragedian, will play the lead in the air drama "When You and I Were Young." Mr. Mantell appeared with his father in Shakespearian repertoire. Alma Hanlon will play the leading feminine role.

Marion Davies, erstwhile of "Oh, Boy," has begun work before the camera in her own conception called "Runaway Romany."

Elsie Ferguson has begun work on her initial Artcraft picture, "Barbary Sheep." Maurice Tourneur has been supervising the erection of gigantic sets; in addition to this a complete Arabian village has sprung up with transplanted palms, camels, fleet-footed horses and dark-skinned people.

IN VAUDEVILLE

PALACE—Donald Brian, in "Somewhere in Mexico"; Adele Rowland, the Greater Morgan Dancers, Al Herman, Aveling and Lloyd, Percy Bronson and Winnie Baldwin, Edwin George, in "A Comedy of Errors"; Everest's Monkey Hippodrome, La Sylph.

RIVERSIDE—George White and Emma Haig, Nan Halperin, Hassard Short, in "The Ruby Ray"; William J. Reilly, U. S. N.; Alexander Brothers and Sister, Kramer and Kent, Cole, Russell and Davis, in "Waiters Wanted"; Ota Gygi and Marion Vardie.

ROYAL—Eddie and the other Foys, Williams and Wolfus, Howard and Fields, Duffy and Inglis, Castellano and Zardo, Solis Marimba Band, Helen Jackey.

NEW BRIGHTON—Jack Norworth and Lillian Lorraine, Leo Beers, Joseph Bennett, Edward Richards, Edwards Cansino, Elisa Cansino, Stan Stanley, Frank Burt, Ed Johnston.